THE HIBERNIAN POLITICIANS;

Part the Third.

AN EPISTLE FROM A GENTLEMAN in the Country, To his FRIEND in Town.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farago libelli. Juv.

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HIBERNIAN POLITICIAN,

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AN

EPISTLE

FROM A

GENTLEMAN in the Country,

To his FRIEND in Town.

THE POLITICIANS, &c.

CAN I, unmov'd, like a Marpeſian Rock,
Of rampant Vices, daily ſtand the Shock?
Shall chilly Coldneſs all my Nerves benum?
Can Vice not laſh'd at, thus its Strength reſume?
Can open Knav'ry thus unpuniſh'd paſs?
Dare I not ſcourge it, 'tho' its vamp't with Braſs?
Muſt I, like a dull Aſs, Spectator ſtand?
Shall ev'ry ſnarling Curr my Pen command?
No, I'm reſolv'd to venture out again,
And ſoundly laſh all the ill-natur'd Train,
Who do their darling Vices ſtill retain.
I'll beat their Quarters, ſounding an Alarm,
At leaſt Affright them, if I do no Harm;

Speak

Speak *Satyr*, and let Truth thy Words attend,
No trifling Jests will ever them amend.
Come Muse lead on Iambick Strains on high,
Sprinkle thy Paths with dew of Castalie;
Follow the Tracks of *Juvenal* of old,
Bold *Persius* too, who open Truth have told,
And briskly Vices of the Age unfold.
You must not lash the Person, but the Vice,
Not greedy *Dolon*, but his Avarice;
No Favour nor Affection any shew,
Impartial Stroaks of *Satyr* let Vice know.

Bonarges first, a Son of thund'ring *Baal*,
Haranguing Treason, *Stentor* like, doth bawl;
He was the Mouth and Trumpet to alarm
Unthinking Mortals 'gainst themselves to arm;
As roaring waters from a rapid Flood,
Do hurry down Impediments that stood
To block their Passage, thus in blind Zeal,
They wound that Body which they seem to heal:
In all their Actions Ignorance does appear,
And hellish Fury still brings up the rear.

From viprous Tongues ſly Poyſon does Diſtill,
Th' unwary to infect, if not to kill.
A pretty Figure —— you'll be deck'd with glory,
And have your Name enroll'd in future Story
You ſhall, but juſt as he, who *Di'na*'s Quire,
Only to get a Name, did ſet on Fire;
Your Name like ſtinking Ointment ſhall abide,
And future Ages curſe you for your Pride,
Which all your florid Words can never hide.
Satyr forbear, and draw a ſilent Vail
Over the ſacred Gown, its Faults conceal;
One Swallow makes no Summer, that is ſure,
But thirty-nine in Forty who'll endure?
Vice moſt attracts, its Paths beſtrew'd with Pleaſure,
Shews all things gay t'entrap the heedleſs Gazer;
Tho' ſome are honeſt, and bright Virtue court,
Yet greater Numbers are of to'ther Sort;
Some againſt Vice aloud do raiſe their Note,
Who yet are ready the ſame Vice to Vote;
Pride one condemns, yet formoſt in the Chace,
Stick to this Darling Sin, —— neglecting Grace.

A Coach, forſooth, proud *W*—— now muſt have,
A Thing to's Sire unknown, to whom from Grave,
If a Reprieve was granted, wou'd admire,
That *W*—— from Carrs, to Coaches, cou'd aſpire;
Wou'd bid him caſt a View on that firſt State,
Angels of Light, to Darkneſs, did tranſlate;
That humbly his high Station he'd purſue,
And have his mean Original in view.

Borachio Drunkards rallies with good grace,
While Vine-Carbuncles do adorn his Face;
He looks as bluff as a Beef-eater does,
When from a Coronation Feaſt he goes:
With thoughtleſs Majeſty the Doctor looks,
In reading Prayers, or the ſacred Books.
But yet as Winds pent up in *Tellus* Womb,
Breed Earth-quakes, ſo the Vices which entomb
Themſelves in his unhallow'd wicked Breaſt,
Where'er he goes, deprive the World of Reſt.

Gallus 'gainſt *Venus* and her Sport declaims,
A noted Spark in his lew'd am'rous Flames,
He cups of ruddy *Bacchus* never blames.

If you ſhou'd ask the Doctor but the Reaſon,
Why he does jaunt and rake in the Night Seaſon;
He'll ſay, *He loves not Bottle but his Friend,*
Not living, but dead Women to attend,
While, Lord knows, both the firſt are his chief End.
A noble Doctor *Gallus* ſure muſt be,
From ſuch Divines, *good Lord deliver me.*

Old *Muppet* ferrets Ale from Place to Place,
Spunges good Dinner with his thread-bare Grace;
His Gown is ſhabby, Caſſock's very bare,
His Wigg's diſeas'd with falling of the Hair;
All's out of Order, yet his Rev'rence muſt,
Indulge his Appetite and out-worn Luſt.

Next *Batchelero*, ſprung from *Alma Mater*,
Struts out to be the Church's *Erra Pater*;
The Thing's profoundly wiſe in's own Conceit,
Looks dully grave as Statue in a Seat;
A thoughtful Rev'rend Piece of well-dreſt Clay,
A fooliſh beardleſs Citt the other Day;
His Thoughts confus'd with ſtrange Chimeras ſtufft,
With metaphyſick, cobweb Notions pufft,

Up to a top ſwarm fraight of Impudence
That all he talks is any thing but Senſe,
Yet, by conſent, he Doctor muſt commence.
How well inſtructed muſt th' Aſſembly be,
Where each can Engliſh read as well as he?
He Studies little, thinks far leſs, yet come
He muſt to beat the Eccleſ'aſtick Drum;
A thread-bare Homily, or Sermon fine,
Made up of Fuſtian Language, and worſe twine,
Salutes their Ears, 'till they lull'd faſt aſleep,
By ſnoaring to each Word, true time do keep:
Thus uninſtructed the Poor Souls go on,
Themſelves committing to the learned Don.
Stop Muſe thy Flight, and lay it to their Charge,
Who from the College-Cage ſuch Birds enlarge;
The Fault's not in the Boy, for Honour greedy,
His Friends puſh on, becauſe the Youth is needy.
This back'd with Gold, the nauſeous Draught goes down,
He gets the Doctors Stamp, Caſſock and Gown,
And *Batchelero* current goes in Town.
Fine Pillars of the Church, ſhe never falls,
Whilſt firm ſupported by ſuch Pedeſtals;

The *Pope* will ſoon lay down his tripple Crown,
While there's ſuch Doctors of the ſacred Gown.

SATYR deſiſt, the high-rais'd Pulpit leave,
In ev'ry Desk you'll Subject Matter have;
There's Vice enough to laſh, now whet your rage,
And with black Colours, Vices black engage.
Let neither Envy, Heat, or Malice ſhew,
That you aſtray from candid Truth do go;
Satyr you now muſt put in proper Caſe;
Brave *Ariſtides*, who his Poſt doth grace;
He fills the Bench with a ſuperiour Care,
In Virtue well approv'd, in Virtue rare;
His ſmooth and e'er prevailing Eloquence,
Attended is by Honeſty and Senſe;
Aſtrea with her Ballance ready ſtands,
Always obſequious to his juſt Commands.

But *Dolon*, Satyr paint in the reverſe,
As a fit Subject of the laſhing Verſe:
Aſtrea, brib'd with Gold, doth upward fly,
Leaves the infected Earth, and mounts the Sky;

The

The ling'ring Cauſe meets with a long Delay,
Nor Law, nor Juſtice *Dolon* will Diſplay;
The Clients beggar'd, do their Fate deplore,
While he is Gainer on this very Score.

Come Muſe, paint *Nomos* in another Dreſs,
In Depths of Law his Judgment bright Confeſs;
To the Oppreſs'd a Sanctuary ſure,
The prying Criticks Teſt he can endure;
His Clients for his Safety always pray,
By him their Cauſes meet with no Delay;
His florid Eloquence does gain Applauſe,
And does proclaim him Maſter of the Laws;

Great *Maximus* in proper Colours draw,
The worſt Infringer of *Britannia*'s Law:
To him who held theſe Nations at his Beck,
Kind Providence, at laſt, has put a Check;
The Serpent's Head is bruis'd, yet hiſſes ſtill,
The Conſtitution yet has got its Will.
He by his Cunning who had Havock made
Of old *Britannia*'s Honour, and its Trade,

Is now a Victim to the injur'd State,
Who by its Ruin was become ſo great;
And this vain Man, (both Drunk with Pride and Power)
Pronounc'd this dreadful Sentence ev'ry Hour,
That future Miniſters, with greateſt Eaſe,
Might act, juſt after him, whate'er they pleaſe;
But, by his leave, we have the better got,
And *Maximus* has felt a direful Lot.
Yet like Invaders, who at nothing ſtand,
Sweep clean away the Products of the Land,
That no Subſiſtence any where be left,
And future Comers of all help bereft;
So *Maximus* ſwept the *Exchequer* clean,
Took all away, and nothing let remain,
And *Alexander* like, in curſed Pride,
To's Followers, his Favours does divide,
As he did Provinces, yet fall he muſt,
And lay his Honours equal with the Duſt:
Let Miniſters who baſe Corruption love,
In all their Projects thus abortive prove.

But Muſe ſet *Lim'rick* in a proper Light,
He ſtickles for our Liberty and Right; Brave

Brave *Granard* too, does in our Cauſe engage,
In Judgment both approv'd, in Judgment ſage,
'Gainſt *Maximus* do their Reſentment ſhew,
And what to King and Country they do owe;
Long may they live, and bright Examples prove,
Applauſe ſtill find, and grateful Country's Love.

Mountjoy and *Tullamore*, come Muſe rehearſe,
And pay the Tributes of ſuperiour Verſe,
Of poor *Hibernia*, they the Atlas ſtand
The guardian Angels of *Ierna*'s Land;
To Poor diſtreſs'd, a Comfort and a Stay,
On them they do their Charity diſplay;
May they and their's our Gratitude command,
As darling Fav'rites of *Hibernia*'s Land;
Let them contemn the cringing Courtiers Air,
Love Honeſty, and ſtill court Virtue fair.

Satyr return, and let thy laſhing Pen,
Severely Scourge another Set of Men:
There's Beau *Cubillo*, who can Cog the Dye,
By ſhake of Elbow does his Want ſupply;

Of their Eſtates poor Animals doth rob,
To ſwell the Treaſure of his greedy Fob;
Keeps ſhoals of Miſſes, and does throw away,
What he unjuſtly gained had by play;
Like Squire or Lord, keeps a ſuperiour Port,
And has Aſſurance, ev'n to go to Court;
But in the End you'll ſee him ſtript of all,
And like proud *Phaeton* will get a fall.

Next avaricious old *Miſſello* laſh,
Who doats upon his Baggs of golden Traſh;
Like watchful Dragon does his Caſh explore,
And huggs and doats upon his golden Ore;
No poorer Wretch was ever yet alive,
Who doth his Belly of it's Due deprive;
What anxious Cares poſſeſs the Miſer's Breaſt,
And robs him of all Quiet, and due Reſt;
On a Sheep's-Head can comfortably Dine,
Himſelf to Bread and Butter-Milk confine:
Good Lord! what will not curſed Av'rice do?
Make Men themſelves and others to undo.

The ruſtick Gentry, with their curriſh Grin,
Satyr ſurvey, to let them paſs were Sin;
Their Monkey imitating Ways deſcribe,
How they ape great Ones, and unjuſtly bribe
Good Manners, Truth and Virtue to their Side.
To ſee a Gang or motly Herd, you'd vow,
They'd robb'd the Barn, the Stable, or the Plow:

Such

Such confus'd Jargon, and such idle Chat,
And all they talk of, is they know not what;
Each Member of this mixt Assembly then,
Must be the subject Matter of my Pen.

Gomaro, vends his hodge podge stuff of News,
Ransacks all *Europe* with his Interviews;
Can tell the Time and Place, the When and Where,
And who chief Actors at the Conference were.
His piercing Judgment, with his wand'ring Eye,
The Globe, from Pole to Pole, can straight Survey;
Can tell exact to Rules of Geography,
Where *Surinam* in Latitude doth lye.
Here *Madagascar*, there St. *Thomas Isle*,
The Straits of *Anian*, and the Land of *Chile*:
Each Country Dress, as if he'd made their Clothes,
How in their Native Buff the *Indian* goes.
With Puddings, Bugle-like, hung round his Nose.
'Twou'd make a Horse, his Halter break, to see
This Trash of News, with them, so well agree;
They praise his Learning, and his Mem'ry great,
And so by one Consent gets the chief Seat.

Bladdero rants and rains the Oaths as fast,
As in a Storm, the Sailor at the Mast;
The Oaths supply his rustick Eloquence,
And shew *Bladdero* void of common Sense;
It's not with Politicks he beats his Brain,
Or Hunting News, vulgar Applause to gain; But

But to rinſh down the Oaths, doth toſs the Mugg;
Then blund'ring Crys, *Come bring another Jug.*
Gonzaro's huſht, his News and Schemes laid by,
Bladdero does engroſs the Company,
And ſcreams aloud of his Nobility.
To *Noah*'s Ark his Pedigree doth trace,
And does it all with ſuch audacious Grace;
From Age to Age obſerves Chronology,
'Till he compleat his great Genealogy,
Tho' all that hear him know it is a lie.

Next as a Member of this Sage Divan,
Smockaldo Strutts, and Bullys all he can;
As true a Trout as ever toſs'd a Glaſs,
Or in By-corner Poop'd a pritty Laſs;
A ſwagg'ring, roaring, Bacchanalian Blade,
As Stout as *Hector* at Dame *Venus* Trade;
Incog he Vamps to jolly *Bacchus* School,
Next, with his Wenches he muſt play the Fool;
And this he does, he ſays to vex his Wife,
Away he ſquanders thus his rakiſh Life.
If with a Noſe, each naſty Wh——re goes down,
From a vile *Three-pence* up to half a *Crown.*
He ſcours all By-Lanes, and all Night-Parades,
With bawdy Songs his Miſſes ſerenades;
Each *Iriſh* Cabbin, and a Trull within,
Are the ſure Objects of his brutiſh Sin;
A Toothleſs, ſhrivel'd Lump of ugly Clay,
Will him ſuffice before the Trade decay.

Poor

Poor *Nan*, his Wife, it's true, doth uſe her Leather,
But all ſhe Speaks does not avail a Feather;
It makes him cloſely his wont Game purſue,
Laſt Nights Debauch, and Wenches ſtraight renew.

Cornuto next, a poor inſipid Tool,
Actæons Liv'ry wears the ſilly Fool;
His termagant and Amazonian Wife,
The Curſe and Burthen of his woful Life;
With Spark in Corner does her Game renew,
When, once *Cornuto*, is gone out of view;
His Goods purloyn'd, and Caſh upon him ſpent,
For on her Game the Lady is intent;
'Till for his Comfort he a Priſon find,
A Thing extremely pleaſing to her Mind.

Satyr deſiſt, and draw a ſilent Vail
O'er Female Vices, do not them reveal;
Paſs o'er their Gaming, Interviews and Tea,
And how they paſs the irkſome Hours away,
At Play-Houſe, Park, at Opera's and Ball,
By which the Ladys ſpend the plague and All:
Let all be huſh'd, and *Satyr* laſh no more,
If they will but amend on any Score.

F I N I S.